Warning

Pete Bernhard

dont do too much before the show, there's so much no one needs to know, so many heavy hands to shake, smiles that flash fast tend to be fake, and the lines of time in dressing rooms, pills to ward off blacks and blues, chances pass don't hesitate a dripping tap becomes a lake, there watching close so don't make no mistakes.
Just a warning to you, Emily things here they aint what they seem and you might want what used to be, sometimes what you want-it aint what you need.
Everyone has some mouths to feed, some too close now to be seen. The fires are doused with gasoline. The prices rise the hungers mean. The highest is strong, but it leaves to fast, seeming never to come back. It will return but not every night, knowing what your worth to make you write, it's not a ball so come prepared to fight.
It's just my warning to you, Emily things here they aint what they seem and you might want what used to be, sometimes what you want-it aint what you need
Strings on the dollar from every purse, what seems free now could be cursed. if you want to walk you must fall down. People talk but don't hear a sound. Whispers climbing ladders up. the ecstasy of a moments luck. ships smashed built so carefully and someday your eyes have to see, the thicker skin, the less you have to bleed.
Just a warnin' to you now from me there are things here they aint what they seem and you might want what used to be, sometimes what you want-it aint what you need

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